



Drowning in IT all by doingstuff

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Summary: IT sicfic. Richie/Eddie. Mentions 'IT' and a spooky theme with hurt/comfort scenes and some triggering scenes. Rated M for Richie. He is so much fun to write. Discontinued.

1. Falling Ill

1

Eddie wasn't one for being sick.

No he wasn't kidding.

It wasn't the regular sick this time. He knew he had to be careful but he rarely was bedridden sick. Like. Ever?

Eddie remembered the symptoms like it was yesterday. It was a week before school would be let out for Christmas break. He was feeling a bit stuffy. He ignored it as it was probably his allergies to trees, pines, bushes, grasses, weeds, and dog hair on his certain classmate's shirts.

This would pass in an hour. His hand twitched, maybe he should raise it to go down to the nurse's office. He took a deep breath, inhaled a breath from his inhaler and put it back into his fanny pack.

He picked his pencil back up from the desk, wiped his nose with his sleeve and ignored his sickness.

Eddie felt infected already.

2

He calmly lounged in his English class, his English book leaned against his ribs. Eddie was bored out of his mind but was engaged in the class.

"Eddie can you please read the last paragraph of page seven out of the book?"

He said a small 'Mhm' and sat straighter. Eddie's English teacher, Miss. Kiaske inclined her head, her heavy glasses amazingly not dropping off her face.

Class was going to be let out today for break. Everyone was bored with the same antsy feeling of that the class was going to get barely anything done.

He coughed once in his sleeve and cleared his throat. Eddie felt the same sick feeling that he had a couple days ago. The imaginary started pouring from the back of the class, he looked behind him and there was nothing. But he knew there was black leaking fluid trying to infect him further.

To be sick.

His mother warned him.

Eddie spoke uneasily, "Jane had to just get out of her house. There was something creaking in the basement and she felt very chilled about it and-"

He sneezed which earned a small chuckle from a classmate and a humble, "Bless you." From another.

"Go on." Miss. Kiaske prompted.

Eddie took a deep breath in, ignoring his reflex for reaching out for his inhaler.

"Jane well- uh...she felt very chilled about it...the basement...and there were goosebumps on her arms." He cleared his throat again. There were goosebumps on his own arms now.

"Jane knew what to do, though she did not want to. Jane was a girl who was not frightened easily." He finished and paled.

There was a spider on his book and he stared, wide eyed. If he was at home he would have screeched but in class he just stared at it and he slid his book on his desk, not touching the creature.

The teacher: Miss Kiaske didn't notice.

"Thank you Edward." She pleasantly smiled, hitching up her glasses on her gaunt face.

There was a snort from the other side of the room.

Richie.

Miss. K continued, "Now can someone tell us the techniques the author uses conveying meaning. Perhaps a metaphor?" She asks intuitively.

Eddie edged the book away from his desk and the spider skittered away.

He coughed again and sniffled, wishing that if it were only the spider bothering him.

3

Sometime later Eddie got home, instead of getting a book and occupying himself til dinner, he instead laid on the couch and slept.

He dreamt of spiders holding trays and scared girls wandering large halls. It made him a bit sick since the angles of the dream felt like a camera twisting, going upside down. The camera pointed to him, outside of him.

He saw black slime pour from the cieling, drip down the walls. Eddie started hyperventilating.

"No." He cried out, "No. No. No. NOnonononononononooooo."

He moaned aloud.

It filled around him, first a circular puddle around his feet then past his ankles, to his knees, and past his hips he tried to move but it was like dried cement. He was crying now and touched his face finding the black liquid coming from his eyes.

A faint laughter filled the room, barely audible.

4

When Eddie woke, it felt like a heavier world. Eddit wasn't alone, his mother next to him. He was sweating and he could feel tears sliding silently out of his eyes. It mingled with the sweat and didn't give away that he was crying.

His mother was feeling his head, she was muttering to herself.

Eddie's hair was plastered to his forehead, sweat and tears still present.

His mom continued, rattled off a list of things that they needed even though they had one half of the things already in the house since Eddie was *delicate* all the time.

"You are very sick and very unwell...oh dear goodness we need soup, lentils, Tylenol...EDdddiieeee." She pushed herself up with two shoves and looked down, almost glaring at him.

She walked away as soon as he blearily blinked at her.

Though Eddie felt terrible, he got off of the couch.

"Edward Kaspbrak what are you doing?" Her face was slightly flushed, staring at her son halfway up the damn stairs!

"Going to bed." He muttered in a tone of sleepiness, obviously sickly pale and sweaty.

"Okay dear, just get some rest and just be *very* careful, please!" She said towards Eddie, "Stop it. Stop worrying me. Just please rest. I love you so so so much. Don't worry me pleasee."

She stamped her foot once, lightly.

"Sorry. Okay mother."

"Please rest. I will get some medicine at the store while you sleep." Mrs. Kaspbrak felt bad that she had to leave her son alone at home. But what if she ran out of things to make him better? She had no idea what *kind* of sickness Eddie had. Maybe it was more than a simple cold.

Her son turned slowly and tromped up the stairs.

She turned around, clutching her purse and nearly shouted at an unsuspecting figure in the kitchen with her.

Mrs. K quickly recognized the person, grimacing.

"Hey. What are you doing here?"

"Darling just forgot my bottle." Eddie's father sauntered towards the cabinet.

"Okay, fine. Quickly."

She didn't want to fight and she just wanted to leave as soon as possible to shop for her sick boy. Her mind was on the task of getting Eddie better and as soon as her x-husband left, the sooner she could worry about her boy. The boy she won in court for custody.

"Thank ya darlin'." He grunted, clutching two alcohol bottles.

She nodded, glaring, her chins tripling.

She was watching him, keeping a close eye on HIM, her ex with a big X.

Her nerves were all tensed and her body was stiller than usual.

"Okay now you have to pay the child support in a week and please don't come here for a while, Eddie is sick." She blabbered, regretting the last part.

"Oh?" He blearily looked up at her, rubbing his hand on his face that gesture making a scratching sound.

"Yes. Now leave." She stared at him, daring him.

She sighed quietly and stuck her nose up.

"I'm gonna powder my nose, I respect that you will be gone by the time I'm out." She left to go use the bathroom.

The moment she left, he said quietly to himself, "I gotta check em', my son."

He spit on the floor. Eddie's dad knew the way and mostly everything was the same in the house. He opened his son's door and locked it with a small click.

To keep that cow out.

"Eddie." He cleared his throat really loudly and looked at the shit stain.

"Dad?" Eddie opened his eyes, looking at his dad.

His head hurt and he felt a bit dizzy, looking up at his dad. All he saw was a scowl on his face and the tenseness of his muscles, his face haven't been shaved in days. He smelled of alcohol and rage.

"Dad please." Eddie knew what this was about.

"Eddie." He came closer to Eddie, in a hugging position.

Eddie cowered back but looked at the blankets, the ceiling, and then him. His dad. Should he trust him? Maybe this was a truce. Eddie put on a small smile and brought up his arms.

His father brought up his fist quick and in the moment he wished he could *just* hug him. Not this no. Not again. That is why he left.

The court.

Judge.

Custody.

This was why, in the end.

Eddie was on the bed, clutching his side and groaning.

His dad has never done something this cruel. It was usually that look and the slight tense of his muscles then just one hit but nothing like this. Pure rage. Eddie knew he was the one feeding was just him reminding Eddie where he and his mother belonged.

His father yelled out a small "yip bOYS!" and started.

One year and a half of no beatings. Going to school with a black eye. A loud-mouthed Richie asking how he hit his face that time and Bill casting him glances that told him he knew. It was confirmed when

Bill pat Eddie the day his mother finalized the divorce papers and his father left to live somewhere else.

Not at his mother's and his house but somewhere close.

Once a month his bad dad...horrible father, came to drop off the child support and once in a while came to steal bottles of alcohol to feed his addiction.

Eddie was in pain. Sick pain. Bruising pain.

His father was laying it all on him. One hit. Two hits. Eddie count feel a couple slaps mixed in, Eddie was in a ball. He whimpered, the taller sneering and jeering.

Tick.

Tock.

Tick.

Tock.

Eddie let out a yelp of pain.

That's when Mrs. K called 911.

5

The medics on the scene told Eddie bedrest at home was the best for him and that nothing was broken. He got five bandages and was told to ice his bruises for 72 hours.

Eddie wanted to die when his mother asked the paramedics if Eddie needed to go the hospital.

"No." They kept answering. The beating was a drunk one, there was damage but not well aimed hits and it was fine. He just needed rest.

Mrs. K kept pacing and thanked the medical staff from the ambulance for saving Eddie.

After the stories were taken for the police and Eddie was sleeping,

Mrs. K was restless.

She went to the kitchen.

To eat something. Anything to numb this.

She looked around for food to shove in her mouth and saw the two alcohol bottles that started this.

She threw them in the backyard, glass smashing and the plants drinking up the drinks. She hated that stuff because of what it did to her and her boy. She picked up the phone, ordering a cake for a go-to service.

She insisted it was for a party of 5 she was having later in the day and didn't tell them the truth: she was going to eat it all.

6

Richie knew it was a good day!

The sunlight was pouring through his bedroom window. He jumped up and got his regular clothes on for this occasion.

The moment his mother set a plate of chocolate chip pancakes down in front of him he grinned from ear to ear. It was all too good to be true. His mom promptly left for work after she made the pancakes but in all: it was a magnificent way to start winter break. He wolfed the sweet finger-licking-good breakfast down.

He dumped his plate in the sink and looked outside, the window *too* clear and pushed his glasses up the ridge of his nose. There was no snow outside (yet). This was a glorious time for fuckery of every sort that was wiped away with a simple head shake instead of a call to the police. Holiday spirits were up; his especially.

Though it wasn't Christmas, he was hyped up. By the break, but mostly from the sugary pancakes!

Richie opened the window in the kitchen and yelled, "HOLY TITS ITS CHRISTMAS!" like he was in that one Christmas story with that grumpy old man said 'bah' to everyone.

His next door neighbor walking his dog gave him a tired look then continued walking his dog. Maybe he didn't like tits or Christmas. Homosexuals...they were more common than you knew these days.

Right after his window shout, an gay thought, he energetically smiled and ran out into the cold sunshine to his best friend's house.

7

Everything hurt.

Not like.....he shuttered and closed his eyes, close to sleep.

It was another world of pain again the moment Richie catapulted himself on his lying body.

"oWWHGhh-" Eddie shrieked, "Richie! Get off. Get off. Oh my god-Oh god. You broke my bones. all of them. OhH go d."

He was bent over, shoving his friend off.

Eddie's Mother came bustling in, sweat glistening on her forehead like she just ran a 5k. All she actually did was follow the rushing Richie into her own house and up the stairs to her very delicate, very sick boy. Also he was hurt from the incident that she could of prevented if not using the quote unquote powder room.

"Richie Tozier!" She yelled and looked like she was going to have a heart attack at that very moment

Richie fully rolled off of Eddie, causing another series of groans and smiling like a good-boy-who-did-no-bad exclaimed, "Good morning Mam."

"Good morning." She huskily breathed out and chided, "Richie whAT IN THE HELL CRUBBING HELLS BLAZES ARE YOU DOING-just look! JUST LOOK HOW SICK HE IS!?"

Eddie half sitting up, glaring at Richie who gave a career winning moan at that moment, glasses being adjusted swaggily.

"Oh I see the now. Mrs. Eddie's Mom, sorry that hell is blazing over,

can Eddie play with me?" He asked, not seeing at all.

"Didn't you hear what I just said Richie. HE IS SICK." She shouted and glanced down at her watch.

She gasped, "Oh no. Oh my lord."

She clutched her chest like she was going to burst into flames, nearly fainting.

"What?" Richie asked loudly, not caring about Eddie, if he was dying. All that he knew is that if Eddie could even talk to him, which was better than an empty home and a static television staring back at him.

"I have to run errands, go to my book club, and get my darling Eddie's medicine. Ahhh o..?-What if he dies on me?!"

She nearly fainted again at this new thought.

"I can stay with him to make sure he doesn't fucking croak." Richie tilted his head and smiled brightly. He wagged his eyebrows.

"Beep. Beep. Richie." Eddie muttered, gasping.

Richie looked at the floor, changing the direction of his feet, and jerked his head back up.

Eddie's MOM gave a wide eyed look to Eddie first then Richie. If Eddie could be fine for a bit, he has at least someone watching him even if it is.....Mrs. K mulled over the fact that her x-husband could come back and someone...that was free without any charge watched him.

Mrs. K's eyes went to slits. She thought about it anxiously for a second and muttered: "language." Then hustled to Eddie to give him a large kiss on the forehead then sped walked out of the room.

She sped walked right back in.

"Here." She hurriedly handed Richie a canary bag of pills, creams, and tubes.

"Give him the blue one at one pm and if he needs anything, he will just tell you." She walked downstairs, Richie following, she was panting and snatched up her purse.

She pointed to Richie, said, "Be. Good. Take care of my delicate boy. I am watching you. Mr. Tozier."

Richie gulped, his smile disappearing and he nodded, watching her walk out of her house she was trying to kick him out of only five minutes earlier.

She closed the door then came right back in and made him take a squirt of hand sanitizer and gave him a blue mask. She left even quicker than she came in.

Richie took it in. The responsibility of this task. Of taking care of Eddie. Of making sure he was okay. He breathed in and looked at the main entryway.

He glanced at the ceiling silently and nodded to himself.

It was the holidays.

Richie dropped the bag of medicine, tossed the mask over his shoulder, shrugging, and went into their kitchen to poke around.

8

Eddie knew faintly that his mom left and that he was alone now.

That was good and he was grateful for it. He gave up on trying to sleep and stared at the ceiling dully. His bruises felt like ghosts, Eddie had felt all of this before. He didn't like it but he dealt with it.

He was fine.

Only sick and bit hurt.

He kind of knew that Richie was going to watch over him but he didn't fully realize this until Richie came into his room, sporting one of his mom's spring coats.

"Hey look at me Eddie! I am the fashion forward bitch, 2012." Eddie looked at his friend: potty mouthed as ever and posing for him, the jacket colossal on his tiny frame. He also sported his mother's biggest hat with a bouquet of flowers on it.

The purple hat was floppy and hung over Richie's eyes.

Richie smiled at the Eddie in pain and Eddie smiled a big fake smile.

"Wow." Eddie sarcastically said, shoving Richie away which was just a pat since his strength was sapped from the sickness.

Richie was trying to bring cheer to Eddie! It was almost Christmas! His friend looked a little unusually blue and he was full of freckles and fun. Richie posed for Eddie again, this time sticking out his chest and puffing his lips out. He tipped up the floppy hat, it nearly falling off of his head.

"Great." Eddie groaned more than said.

"I know!" Richie ran from the room and Eddie heard a loud sound from the hallway and a loud, "SHIT!"

Eddie sighed loudly and got up from his bed, whimpering from the effort and went to the hallway. His head hurt.

Eddie didn't know if he was supposed to babysit Richie or that Richie was supposed to babysit him now.

"Richie...?" Eddie was a bit scared but dead tired, even if it was still early afternoon.

"Fucking hell-oh my god oh my god. God damn it. Damn it." Richie was hurt, Eddie finding Richie on the floor, his hand red and dripping.

It was the hat. The damn hat. The floppiness of it and Richie running through the house causing this.

Eddie was groaning lightly, he was clutching the wall.

The smaller boy didn't know how much nonsense he could take from

Richie.

He was bleeding and Eddie was put onto alert mode, even though he was still thirteen years old, his senses knowing his had to deal with this. He hated it but knew he had to be loyal. Richie was trying. Richie was somewhere close to Eddie's age but not so much in maturity.

Eddie sighed loudly and grabbed Richie's other unhurt hand. The smaller boy grunted quietly because of his torso wounds and helped his friend.

Eddie pushed through his own pain and whispered in a calming tone, "Stop crying Richie, come on."

9

Once the glass was out of Richie's hand and everything was swept up, Richie was strangely quiet except for a polite, "Yes" and "thank you" and that Eddie was a god damned good doctor, that there would be so many sexy nurses of some nature and more brief mention of pantyhose. Eddie only half listened and bandaged up his hand and applied Neosporin on it. He felt faint at this moment while the pantyhose was mentioned but thought nothing of it.

Though sometimes Eddie was faint at the sight of blood, he was too sick to even care that Richie cut his hand open. He just was on auto-pilot, getting things done quickly and efficiently so he could get back to bed to sleep.

After a while of hiding the evidence some "Mmm-hmmm" and "ok"s to Richie, plus cleaning everything up, Richie continued to talk.

At this moment Richie was sitting at Eddie's bedside.

They talked for a while, Richie mostly elaborated about bulldozers and how good sex would be in them. He had no idea what sex was but that it was an XXX thing and it obviously had to be in his vocabulary since it was crude. The boy in bed could feel anxiety building up, he tried to hang onto every word. He really tried to fake listen.

With Eddie dozing off to the thought of muscled men in hardhats and skimpy girls gasping, Richie got the hint that Eddie *wasn't* listening.

"Hey. Dorkus." Richie poked Eddie's face and wondered to himself if it was better to bother stuttering Bill, even if he was more friends with Eddie than Bill was with him.

"Heyyyyyyy-Wake up you motherlicker, pip pip, time to defeat those negros in the Norths, they want their freedom. More tea!" He said in his English voice.

He learned about that in history, Richie was proud.

"I don't lick my mother Richie, just let me sleep." Eddie muttered, rolling over in his bed.

Eddie sighed loudly but it came out a little screechy. Eddie sat up, ready to cuss Richie out but he saw a spider skitter to the corner of the room and a shadow. It was human. No a dog? There was bandages from the spot the spider was and went out of the room, making a trail of bandages.

Eddie's eyes flew open, wide. His chest felt all of the sudden tight. He leaned over, gasping at his injuries and nearly threw up because it hurt so much. He was hugging himself tightly and it made his world spin. This was it. Getting up caused this while not listening to his symptoms.

He suddenly felt fainter. Eddie squeezed his eyes shut but could only see black liquid sloshing, he nearly cried at the thought in the moment.

"Inhaler." Eddie sat up straighter, breathing in big gulps of air before it got the point of where barley a pinhole of air could get in.

"What." He panned, hearing what Eddie said but not taking it in.

"Inhaler NOW." Eddie put a hand on his chest and bent in his bed even more.

Panic flashed in Richie's eyes and he said, "Of sure course. I mean-

He didn't know why he fumbled with his words but he clomped down the stairs all the same. He reached the living room and found the bag. He didn't realize the yellow piss bag was open and it spilled out onto the floor as he picked it up.

Sounds of rattling, soft thuds, and sfffpphhhs of bandages hit the ground in a rain of hospital.

"God living in hell damn it!" He swore and scooped up the medicine bottles in hands, six at a time, and turned around, clutching the bag.

He meant to go through the door but instead hit the doorframe in hurry and yelled, "Virgins in olive oil!"

It actually hurt a lot and felt his knee already swelling, he pushed through and quickly ran upstairs. Richie arrived just in time in Eddie's room and this time dumped the pouch but this time it was on purpose, this time on Eddie's lap.

Eddie's hand danced around the pile, eyes darting for the device, wheezing, and he grabbed the inhaler, delivering a puff the instant it went to his lips.

His chest heaved up and down this time with easiness.

"You okay?" Richie more solemnly said and Eddie looked up, dark bags under his eyes.

Eddie looked at Richie's face, glasses thick and searched for any sort of humor. Something that indicated that this was a joke. A sick joke but a joke all the same. The seriousness of his face took Eddie back and he relaxed his shoulders.

"I'm fine." Eddie breathed out clearly, and gestured to the yellow bag on the floor.

"Give me that." Eddie said, but instead was surprised when Richie said he would do it and gathered up the medicine like he had done it before.

"Thanks." Eddie sank into the bed gratefully and Richie said nothing for once.

Richie gave a half smile and wrapped his arm halfway around Eddie's body for a hug. Eddie didn't see this coming and he didn't tell Richie to back the hell away, it all happened quickly.

Mid-hug Eddie gasped loudly in pain and Richie jumped, backing away.

"You okay?" Richie was confused.

Eddie made himself recover quickly and nodded.

An hour passed and Richie, a bit subdued; of course fiddled around with Eddie's things but greeted his mother all the same with "sup".

He got a face between a sneer and a smile and he went home with finger guns and a big smile.

Richie went home where his mother paid him no mind when he wasn't swearing. It was winter break and his friend was very sick. It sucked. Richie knew he caused more than enough trouble concerning the broken vase on top of bothering Eddie a lot with his scattered thoughts.

He needed to get his thoughts out.

They hurt if he didn't tell someone.

Richie was a bundle of nervous but loud thoughts that had to be heard. His parents worked a lot and spent less and less company with him as he grew older.

Something changed in his mind. Richie cringed at this, ugh. Feelings. Little did he know this was going to be ten times worse as a full-teenager. Hormones and all, Richie didn't like feeling bad, only making jokes and doing voices.

The phone rang.

He picked it up and said in a low tone, "Pink lee's Porno Emporium Palace...what's your pleasure?"

There was sputtering over the phone the caller hung up.

He walked to the hallway and the phone rang again. He turned, a wide smile on his face and grabbed it barely on the second ring.

This time he answered with a squawky, "Door to Door Dildo Delivery, no job too big or too small."

He waited and this time was met with, "Richie. Hello."

"Who's is this?" He said quickly.

The caller said, "Mrs. K."

"Oh hello! Do you wish to buy a di-"

"Richie knock it off." She was annoyed, "This concerns Eddie and it is IMPORTANT, I know all you kids are off on break now so this won't cut into your school at all and that Eddie isn't missing any-Anywho."

"What can I do for you, my lovely lady in shining dresses?"

She didn't reply to that remark but sighed like Eddie did a lot; she explained, "I am going away tomorrow and could you watch over my darling boy? Of course I can pay you. The only thing I ask is that you behave and don't light my house on fire. Please don't light anything on fire Richie Tozier."

She paused, "That would be very bad for Eddie's breathing issues."

It sounded like Eddie needed to be hooked up to a Darth Vader oxygen tank if Richie ever decided arson was his dream career.

"Sure would be Mrs. K." Richie agreed.

"Well I just need you to keep an eye on him and give him the pills I will arrange for you so you don't get anything messed up. I will make it easy for you. Richie I would ask an actual professional but you know what time of year it is...." Eddie's mother trailed off.

He sighed like a girl, "Aw damn, that is so very dang thoughtful of you."

"Richie, just watch over Eddie and make sure he lives while I am

gone for the day."

"Will do. Hey do you know what a plumber says to his wife in the bed?"

"I will pay you when I get back and make sure that everything is a-ok." She said in a normal voice.

"Good plumbing, can I check your basement?"

"Thank you Richie." Mrs. K said quickly.

It didn't seem like a fluid conversation but she knew if that she got past Richie's jokes he actually was a kind boy. Even it was hard and very prideful to like him. She did not like Richie at all.

Mrs. K tolerated Richie.

Richie bleated on his side of the phone and said in a Kermit the Frog voice that sounded like a nasally impression of him, "But that is not of my business, it will be all of mine, for I am going to soon be-"

He switched to his superhero voice, "Up up and awayyyy!"

All Richie heard the next five seconds was the dial tone and the deal was sealed.

10

Twass' the second day of Christmas break and Christmas Eve was one day away, the exciting day already planned: packed the night before. He was going to spend a day with his unwell friend and take care of him.

11

Richie knocked on the door and Mrs. K answered it, flushed in the face, and hair pulled back into what looked like a bun-ponytail.

It reminded him of show horses. Richie decided not to say anything. There had to be a line sometimes.

"Hello I am ready to take care of this my mucus-ey friend."

Eddie's mom replied calmly, "Richie hello."

She briefed him on the ins and outs of his medicines and if he gets too sweaty to give him a bath and that he now needed a bowl next to his bedside. She went on.

Mrs. K took a breath, done explaining her five minute monologue.

Also that-with some suspicion-to look out for her blue vase because she found some anti-allergenic beautiful flowers that wouldn't affect Eddie and they would look brilliant. Richie told her that she looked brilliant, especially **HER FACE**, and with that whole interaction, she left with a good remark from the witty and foulmouthed boy.

Mrs. K left in her car and backed out of the driveway quickly. She was leaving to talk to her husband about their relationship. She could not wait anxiously in her house with her dearest Eddie. She was doing this for Eddie. Mrs. K saw the bruises, she saw the police knowingly taking care of it. She was doing this for his sake, at his sickest to clear up some good childhood years yet to come. Mrs. K did really care for Eddie deeply and she knew this was not the best option but vested in herself that it was the only one at this moment.

She was going to file charges.

In the house, Richie dumped his bag and the list in Eddie's room, "**YOUR MOM** told me things Eddster."

Richie smiled, waving his arms, "We are going to party so hard dopeman." Richie proclaimed and Eddie kept his eyes closed, mimicking sleeping. Richie was surprised! Why would he be sleeping when he could party with his good friend: **RICHE THE GREAT**. Well...Eddie was supposedly sleeping. He poked his friend's face and came to the conclusion that he was actually sleeping. Who does that?

Richie's thoughts and light promises to his mom over the phone reminded him of what he supposed to be doing. So he shut his mouth and went downstairs to make something resembling soup.

When Richie was done making the soup, he thought he did a good

job with it, taking a spoonful and dishing it in the bowl, stirring it.

It was his best work yet and all of it came out of a can.

Richie walked upstairs, expecting to find Eddie in his room, and he nearly dropped the hot bowl of get-damn-better-goodness.

12

Richie first noticed was that he was pale.

Eddie's hair was plastered to his forehead and he was swaying side to side, his hand was on the wall, leaning against it. This was not a Aranida Grande music video so Richie set the bowl on the ground, and helped.

He barely grasped Eddie's hand when his friend fell in his arms. He was warm, too hot. Eddie was barely standing upright. He looked...sick.

Like...sick. Sick.

Richie was concerned one moment, then relaxed when Eddie lifted his head the next moment.

"Toilet." Ed slurred.

Richie paused, digesting the words.

"SHIT."

Richie turned lividly anxious, he wanted to touchdown, hail fucking mary his friend in the bathroom for the fear of *what he was going to do all over the floor from his mouth.*

"Okay come on." Richie felt a nervous energy in him, "Come on bud."

He half led, half dragged Eddie to the bathroom, and leaned against the door to open it.

A realization hit him and all he said was, "Shit."

Richie himself turned white, not as pale as Eddie but his heart was

slamming against his chest. He was not ready for this. He knew he signed up for this crap but at the moment he wanted to turn to a toad.

Richie's face flushed and he leaned against the door harder.

Relief flooded him and Eddie clamped a hand over his own mouth.

"No. No. No. No." Richie pushed Eddie into the bathroom and the boy had enough sense to grab the toilet bowl and empty his stomach into it

"Holy fucking shit." Richie wiped his face and found sweat there.

13

They were in Ed's room now, this time the half dragging being more efficient and quicker than the almost mess to the bathroom.

"Do you want second helpings Eddie?" Richie held up the untouched bowl.

It was a joke since Eddie did not even touch the spoon and had just thrown up. The raven haired boy was not feeling any better.

Eddie was lying in bed now. His stomach twisted with unease. He was at the end of his rope.

Richie held up the bowl closer to Eddie's face and Eddie shook his head for the fifth time, his face turning a light green color. Eddie's mood was ok, just tired and over all mellow and done with Richie.

Richie prodded even more, "Hey Eds you gotta frackin' take some, you need strength ya know after all that puking."

Eddie coughed up mucus politely and said, "No."

Richie noticed the puke bucket, a large beetle sitting in it, chilling.

The smaller boy then gave a short shiver and Richie perked up.

"Are you cold?"

"No." Eddie said again.

His limbs were contracting and releasing, trying to warm his body.

"Dude you could of just damn well asked."

Richie set the bowl down, next to the beetle in the bucket. Bucket beetle. Richie came in for the hug.

"No I am going to get you sick!" Eddie screeched, trying to tiredly push him off.

"Sick of my best of all delux friendship in a package-and not those butt drug packages people carry around."

"Richie." Eddie felt his friend's arms around him and he was anxious.

The bruises. The germs. Eddie was worried about both. What if it was like yesterday with the accidental wince or that he would get Richie sick.

"You know those butt drug people are called mules Ed." Richie informed Eddie.

The hug was softer and Eddie somehow relaxed at the really dumb comment that again that came out of Richie's mouth.

"I hate you." Eddie laid his head on Richie's shoulder.

"I know." Richie smiled.

Eddie felt warmer but he still hated Richie, even if slightly less in the midst of the hug.

2. Oh

1

Richie didn't know exactly why he went to Eddie's house again. Eddie's mother didn't ask him to babysit his friend and he could spend all day with his own mom, knitting and drinking hot chocolate. Despite being bad at any sort of crafting, he usually tried the best to make pictures of poop and circles.

He could go to Bill's house...but he wanted to check in on how Eddie his pal was doing. Maybe he could play a game with him today! He hoped that Bill was fine. Bill broke down when things were bad but in all still did fine by himself.

The sick situation freaked him out a bit but the routine of the going over to his house won.

Richie was at the front door of the Kaspbrack's residence. He was smiling and shivering a little bit because of the unusually chilly weather but waited all the same.

The door opened when he knocked and yelled, "ITS ME THAT GUY!" for the third time

"Five minutes." Eddie's mother growled and Richie nodded seven times quickly, Mrs. K walking away shaking her head, scowling.

Richie walked into Eddie's room, Eddie was looking much better and sitting up in bed, reading a book about birds

"Hey there friend-o." Richie smiled

Eddie looked up and suddenly looked pink. Richie was going to do a weird sound or yell but he decided for something else since his friend the Edster was still feeling a bit off. Probably the post-fever, if that was a thing and to Richie that explained his friend's pink face.

Richie put his hand up for a high-five and Eddie put his hand on Richie's and put it down.

"Thanks for taking me down about five damn notches." Richie nodded to himself mostly but to Eddie. He felt an easiness about this conversation.

"Yea might as well be the sick boy with a cold that is very contagious." Eddie commented and he gave a low scoff.

He sounded like his mother and maybe that is why she didn't want Richie to stay a long time.

"Welp. Sure." Richie nodded, feeling his chest swell a bit.

"Soooo. What do you want to do?" Eddie asked and Richie's eyes lit up.

Richie smiled widely and Eddie muttered, "Oh geez."

Richie wiggled one eyebrow and spoke, "Maybe we could ya know... do some naughty things?"

"Woah woah woah woah!" Eddie put his hands up, face completely red.

He suddenly put his book on his lap quickly and Richie knew he got to him. Ah...The perks of being friends with someone who can be ! got! so easily.

Richie laughed lightly then said, "I hope you feel better soon-very soon-so we can go and play ultimate hide and seek in the woods with Bill and Bev if she can."

"Yea...maybe" Eddie nodded

Richie was about to say another thing when Mrs. K came bustling into the room.

"Time to leave Richie, I understand I can trust you to show yourself out since you have been fine thus far, I expect you out in two minutes." She left.

Eddie had no words but looked up at Richie with doe eyes and gave him a half smile.

"Thanks for coming over and seeing me." Eddie said endearingly like he had been rehearsing it.

It was Richie's turn to blush and he did-like the color of Beverly's hair.

Eddie said nothing.

Richie said nothing.

They both looked at each other with stupid smiles when Richie opened his mouth like usual.

"Bye Eddie." Richie stood there, unmoving.

"Bye Richie, hey would you mind closing the door on the way out...?" Eddie said casually then stepped out of bed and Richie watched him.

Richie turned and walked out slowly and when he closed the door, he moved with no hurry. The door clicked shut and with his hand still on the door, he remembered that he had to tell Eddie about if *he* wanted to come over.

Richie, with a smile on his face opened the door wide. Eddie already had his shirt off and turned around, wide-eyed. Richie knew he gave Eddie a look of horror because Eddie's face contorted into a look of equal shock. Richie was breathless. All the marks on Eddie's pale skin were unnatural and unreal.

Richie had tears pricking at the edge of his eyes and he backed away out of the door way, hand on his mouth.

How could he-? His mother-? How else would have they have gotten there? But she cares so much about Eddie and loves him a lot! She gave glares to Richie sometimes because it was a thing protective mothers did-or so Richie thought.

Richie was walking quickly down the upstairs hallway had his hands pressed to his face. He was so angry and yet-tears were leaking out of his stupid face.

"Richie please." Eddie pleaded, closely behind Richie.

"No. I gotta fucking go, your mom." Richie turned towards Eddie.

Eddie now had a shirt on and looked very anxious; Richie rubbed his eyes.

"Oh geez...please stop." Eddie asked of Richie.

Eddie was reminded of day(s) prior when Richie got glass in his hand. He hated to see anyone cry but seeing his bestest of friends-though he was too much sometimes-made him feel like his own world was breaking. And it was because of himself. Eddie blamed himself for not fighting back. Eddie began thinking of ways he should have been more careful. For years he has been hiding this and now...

Richie tried to step away but Eddie was getting closer

Eddie sniffled and tightened his grip, "Please Richie let me explain."

Richie shook his head but Eddie grabbed Richie's hand tightly and dragged him to the nearest room. It ended up being the bathroom.

Ed locked the door and sat in front of it, looking a bit pinker than usual.

Richie had his face in his hands now was softly crying. He looked completely broken and Eddie didn't know where all this emotion came from honestly. Eddie sighed and felt all the sudden tired, but he put it off. He just got over being very sick in a short period. His body was obviously adjusting now and getting used to the movement and emotions.

"Richie." Eddie scooted closer to his friend.

He cried lighter now.

Eddie whispered, "It's not your fault."

"But I could of prevented it. I've been so dumb bothering you and just overall being a pain in the royal ass...I do this because you like me and honestly I have been acting more myself around you."

Richie took a deep breath in"and well how long?"

"It's been..." Eddie's voice cracked.

Eddie didn't want to tell.

"How. Long?" Richie gritted his teeth in this low whisper.

"Since I was ten. The first time was horrible, as bad as this one but there has been one here or there, but he was always nice until...the bottles and drinking."

Once Eddie started, it was easier to tell more and more; just letting it pour in easy fragmented phrases with no major details.

"Where is he now?" Richie asked quietly.

"Jail...Hopefully my mom will cut all communication after this..." Eddie finished.

Eddie looked a bit worn out and he glanced up at Richie. He looked about how Eddie felt.

So, Eddie hopefully did the right thing and with a surge of unknown emotion this time pulled Richie in for a tight embrace. He felt the warmth of his body and Richie's glasses pressed up to him.

"It's going to be fine you loser." Eddie said in a low tone and jolted up when he heard a loud knock on the door.

"Eddie did that Richie leave?"

The door was still closed, locked.

Eddie had his hands-on Richie's shoulders still and it looked like a situation of where someone catches two lovers in an embrace. They were just hugging. Friends! It would look weird though...and *both* in one tight space.

Silence from both sides of the door.

Richie gave Eddie a face and Eddie said, "Yea mom! He left, he wanted to practice his ninja skills."

"Okay." Footsteps went away...then came back.

The voice sounded a bit stressed this time, "That sounds like him... ninja skills. Yea. Uh...by the way you have been in there a while. Do you feel nausea dear? Is something wrong, do you feel dizzy? Does your stomach hurt Eddie my darling?"

Eddie felt all his nerves go on fire and his face turned a deep red.

Richie opened his mouth and gave a look of surprise to Eddie.

There was another grand pause in the conversation, Richie then leaned over and whispered in Eddie's ear.

"What are you doing?" Mrs. K asked, knocking once again.

At Richie's suggestion Eddie turned an even brighter red if that was possible.

Eddie said in a small voice, "Reading a magazine with 'girls' in it then taking a long shower."

"Oh." Mrs K sounded like she was on the brink of yelling but sounded surprised, "Okay be sure to put that away when you are done and don't spend too much time. We can make cookies and then you MUST take a nap. You know how you get when are sick. Be sure to wash your hands well Eddie. I'm going to watch TV soaps."

Footsteps now went away for good from the other side of the door.

Eddie rage whispered to Richie who had a small smile on his face, "I have never looked at those and now my mom thinks I do!?"

Richie smiled and said quietly, "Works every time. By the way...TV soaps?" Richie jeered, poking Eddie.

"Whatever Richie. I don't care!...And you would speak from experience about the magazines?"

"Yup." Richie smiled, and Eddie groaned lightly, feeling embarrassed.

Eddie looked at Richie, the smile on his face and now looked eased as

if the last five chaotic minutes hadn't happened. Eddie felt the weight lift off his shoulders and felt that it was going to be okay. The only thing that had to happen now is that he had to "take a shower" and get his friend, Richie Tozier out of the house without his mother seeing him.

2

Richie was at Eddie's house yet again: this time pick him up to go to the park to meet up with Bill.

He got in the house just fine through a window and was greeted by the smell of burnt Christmas cookies.

His friend looked a bit green and Richie hadn't said a word to him yet. The smaller boy also looked *very* anxious and had damp hair. He *had* taken a shower though it was the next day, the joke was fresh in Richie's mind.

Eddie's cheeks turned a bright cherry red and he was sputtering, covering his mouth.

Richie's grin faded quickly, "Oh no don't do it, don't throw up on me again. NO."

Richie pushed Eddie towards the puke bucket, the same one the bettle-now seeming creepy in his mind-was in before.

Eddie tiredly clutched it. Eddie coughed a bit and Richie tensed, ready for the sickness. He looked sounded fine this morning on the phone, but now it seemed as if he would never get better. Eddie was actually nervous to say words, his stomach twisting at what he was going to do. He cleared his throat for the accidental coughing that happened.

Eddie sat up, no sick in the bucket.

"Richie." The smaller boy turned around, suddenly serious, bucket still next to him.

"Eddie, hey are you okay, you seem a bit weird now?" Richie was more uneasy than if Eddie was going to barf all over the bucket pail.

Eddie felt sick.

A different sick.

He felt sick that he wasn't owning up to his feelings. Everytime when he was sitting sick. He thought of how dumb Richie was but how *much* he liked him. How much he wanted to hug him, to be with him.

"Get here you loser." Eddie said.

Eddie pulled Richie in for a tight hug and Richie was surprised. The two boys sat there for what seemed minutes even if it was only seconds. They pulled apart slowly.

Last second when they pulled apart, Richie gave Eddie a platonic peck on the lips.

They seperated, Eddie wide eyed as Richie.

Eddie noticed that Richie's cheeks were red.

"Yowza." Richie gasped.

Eddie felt his cheeks go almost purple, it was that red all over again and he buried his head in his hands.

"Woah Eddie I didn't know you were the one to." Richie said.

"Mess up?" Eddie wheezed.

"Pull the moves." Richie solemnly said in a non-joking manner and he felt his chest vibrate and his lips were tingling, feelings flush through him.

3

Richie realized the moment he got Eddie out of the house. He was a fag. A genuine cherry-pop licker and one of those men who wore leather underwear under his outer clothes. Richie didn't know how to take this. He didn't know if he could stop the gay or even if it was contagious.

Holy frick.

All the jokes about men getting things stuck up their butt-holes and all the times he yelled at someone for smoking a homosexual. A Fag. Now he was one and he did not feel bad about it. He felt horrible... but relieved? Something inside of him has been telling him that he lusted for the dick. But did he? He liked Eddie but he also liked girls...they both were great. But he fell for Eddie hard in the past week, a strange pull to his friend.

But as he began thinking more as he and Eddie walked in the middle of the road that in the past months Eddie was the one friend he always wanted to bug, to hang around with.

He had always liked Eddie above other friends and assumed it was because Eddie was his bestest friend. Eddie listened even if he didn't want to. He considered Richie's feelings as a person and stressed when to stop and when to go on.

It was maddening.

Out in the cool air, unbeknown to Richie that Eddie felt himself shivering the whole walk there.

4

There was a bleakness of the first Christmas without Georgie around. Bill knew that he wasn't going to go caroling like years prior though he had a pretty decent voice still. Puberty did not hit him in the gut just yet though he thought girls were getting prettier lately. Like Bev.

For caroling Bill seemed to notice that sometimes you could tell who people were by how much money and time they put into decorating their lawn: showing off to the neighborhood shouting, "I am better than you. LOOK AT MY CHRISTMAS LAND IM THE TRUE MANX oF CHRISTMAS!" It was a game of who was the best and the richest.

This year Georgie was supposed to go caroling with him; finally being the age to do everything in the world and the age that he could ride *all* of the rides at the fair. He supposed that the fair wasn't exactly fair anymore since some queer was wearing a hat there and got beat

because of it.

He supposed that not all of us could reside in this world peacefully.

Especially him with his stutter. For he was known as stuttering Bill.

Ever since he said "H-h-hello m-my name is B-b-b-", his fate was sealed and the avalanche of bullying and torment came thereafter in his life for as long as he resided in Derry.

But it lessened since he met a good friend: Eddie.

Once he was stuttering at recess and Eddie took a big puff with his inhaler: signifying he was there. Eddie then shouted and swore at the bullies, chasing them away by swinging his fanny pack over his head shouting you better run!

He was grateful for small good things in the world.

But there were barely none now.

Now that his brother was gone: things were differently.

There was a new schedule, a new way of life.

The new mornings were now Bill slamming his alarm clock down then promptly leaving, now not talking to his mom or dad or chiding Georgie on school things. He just skipped all of it.

He could feel a wetness gather in his eyes.

Christmas was supposed to be a cheerful time.

But he supposed that Georgie's death sucked the fun right out of it since his brother was supposed to be here at this moment shaking his arm and screaming at the top of his lungs, "Christmas!"

Bill would smile cheerfully at Georgie talking quick as a six year old could manage.

Bill wept.

His tears dried up the moment his mother and father came in his room, his mother a bit puffy faced herself and his dad dully smiling like he was on an interview he didn't want to be starring on.

He knew his parents came in to check if he was alive.

They all moved to the living room without a word.

"Let's open presents?" Bill asked more than stated. Though he was nervous, he was fixated on the fact that he did not want to inflict any more grief upon his parents, with his little speech problem.

Bill sighed, his parents didn't feel like Christmas at all.

"Can I call Richie?"

His mother looked up since he didn't stutter and gave his father a pointed look. His mom then elbowed his dad in the side and his father looked up, nodded towards Bill with another adult communicating look.

As Bill walked down the hallway to the phone, his whole crying episode reminded him of the time he blubbered to Richie and Richie just told him to shut off the waterworks and put a protective arm around him. He wanted some comfort but he just wanted some warm company and this kid got everything sad off your mind and launched yourself into his world of badly timed jokes, some racism, and even worse voice acting.

That all Richie was. Though he said very filthy things, he was a very great friend. He lent a hand when needed and understood people's feelings so deeply it was scary. This is how Richie also got on everyone's nerves. By knowing of their nerves and what bothered everyone inside.

6

He was bored.

SOooooooooooooooooo bored at home.

Richie heard the phone ring, he jumped from his spot, gleefully

pumping a fist in the air once.

Just on time...thank you universe!

"Hello...yellow barrels that make chorals?"

"W-What duh-does that even mean Richie?" Bill asked on the other line. Bill was confused and was once again reminded of the choir singing that his smaller brother was supposed to be doing this year... but never would.

Richie said loudly, "I don't know...I have used all the other sayings that I found on the internet and well now...it just is what comes to my mind freaking first."

"Okay." Bill said easily, and Richie smiled.

"So, what's up Billo?" Richie asked his friend.

Bill took a breath in, "Wanna go swimming?"

"Its too cold, my balls would turn into marbles!" Richie said, slightly entertained by this thought.

"Yea okay...." Bill said and explained, "At the Y-YMCA I mean."

"Ohhhhhh!" Richie smiled, "I get it.... wait no."

He remembered Ed's situation and that he probably wanted to keep it secret.

"Can't." Richie lied, and said in a Sebastian voice, "I lost me under da sea dolphin swimsuit! Why don't we play a game ov' hide-and seek with Eddie later...? Say meet at the park."

"O-okay whatever floats your boat." Bill said and on the other side of the line, *unknowingly to Richie*, Bill jumped.

Georgie and the boat...

Richie said, "Okay bye! See you later!"

Bill said goodbye and regretted the phone call slightly. But at least it

wasn't a lonely Christmas now since his parents were checked out.

Richie went to pick Eddie up.

7

Eddie's mother had things to do! It was Christmas time. No snow on the ground yet but still it was chilly and boy she was in the mood to make some Christmas cookies. One batch had burned but she still persisted on making more.

Dozens and Dozens.

Why not millions? She smiled to herself at this.

Mrs. K used baking as a form to get away from the world and secondly she used eating it as another coping mechanism. She got out the sheets and preheated the oven. Maybe her darling Eddie wanted to help...was he still in the bathroom? Showering.

Hmm.

Maybe.

She felt her face get slightly flushed but that boy. He was growing up. Well at least he liked girls. She was sure that Richie and Eddie were getting a bit too attached. They were great friends though!

Mrs. K got out the supplies and kept thinking that the papers she filed for the legal thing...was going to happen whether she liked it or not. She needed to legally get as far away from that abusive man and she was sure she had to do this.

Her boy was old enough to know what was right from wrong and what allergy medication to take when and what to do in most situations if he found himself without his pills.

She turned on the TV, for it was a day that the Soap Opera and cookie making. Mrs. K got so invested in her activities that she did not notice that she was the only one in the house...

A/N: Two chapters for a whole 10k fic. YOWZA. Plot twisting and characteristics for each character and plot PLUS angst?/ Will update with a shorter chapter but just edited this whole fic...many words. thank you for reading. (bonus points if u r reading dis, a/n u r awesome. ily.)